



Department of Music  
University of Alberta

## In Recital

**MARILYN GOLLETZ, soprano**

assisted by

**SYLVIA SHADICK-TAYLOR, pianist**

**Sunday, June 21, 1992 at 8:00 pm**

Meine liebe ist Grüne  
Vergebliches ständchen

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Das Veilchen  
Abendempfindung

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Über Nacht  
Mausfallen Sprüchlein  
(Mouse-catching rhyme)

Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

Vergin Tutto Amor

Francesco Durante  
(1684-1755)

O mio babbino caro  
Aria from Gianni Schicchi

Giacomo Puccini  
(1848-1924)

INTERMISSION

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Morgenständchen  
Wohin

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Claire de lune

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Romance and Song  
Aria from *Der Freischütz*

Carl Maria von Weber  
(1786-1826)

Knowbody knows this little Rose  
Bee! I'm expecting you

John Duke  
(b. 1923)  
Poems by Emily Dickinson

#### TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

##### **Mein Liebe ist grün - My Love Is Green**

My love is green as the lilac,  
and my love is fair as the sun;  
the sun gleams down on the lilac  
and fills it with scent and joy.  
My love has nightingale's wings  
and sways in blossoming lilac,  
exults and, scent-enraptured, sings  
many a love-drunk song.

##### **Vergebliches Ständchen - Vain Serenade**

'Good evening, my love, good evening,  
my child!

I come out of love for you,  
ah, open your door to me,  
open your door!'

'My door is locked, I'll not let you in,  
my mother advises wisely,  
were you in here by right,  
it were all over with me.'

'So cold is the night, so icy the wind,  
that my heart will freeze,  
my love will die,  
open to me, my child.'

'If your love will die, then let it die,  
and if it keeps on dying,  
go home to bed, to rest!  
Good night, my lad!'

##### **Das Veilchen - The Violet (Goethe)**

A violet in the meadow stood  
bowed into itself and known to none  
it was a dear sweet violet.  
Then came a young Shepherdess  
light of step and gay of heart,  
that way, that way,  
across the meadow singing.

Ah thinks the violet, could I but be  
the fairest flower of nature—  
for just, oh just a tiny while,  
till I were by my loved-one plucked,  
and pressed, limp, to her bosom—  
for just, oh just  
one tiny quarter hour!

Oh, but oh, the girl drew near,  
heeded the violet not at all,  
crushed the poor violet underfoot.  
which dying fell, yet still I die  
through her, through her, and at her feet!  
(Poor thing! It was a dear sweet violet!)

##### **Abendempfindung - Evening Thoughts**

Evening. The sun has vanished,  
and the moon sheds a silver gleam;  
thus flit life's finest hours,  
flit by as in a dance.

Away soon will flit life's pageant,  
and the curtain come rolling down;  
our play is done, the friend's  
tear falls already on our grave.



## Translations (continued)

Soon maybe (like the westwind, wafts  
upon me a quiet presentiment),  
this pilgrimage of life I shall end,  
and fly to the land of rest

If your will then weep by my grave,  
and mourning, upon my ashes gaze, appear  
and waft you heavenwards.

And you, my love, bestow on me a tear,  
and pluck me a violet for my grave,  
and with your soulful gaze,  
look down then gently on me.

Consecrate a tear to me, and ah, be  
only not ashamed to do so;  
oh, in my diadem will it  
then be the fairest of the pearls.

### Über Nacht - In the Night

In the night, in the night,  
Sorrow comes silently  
And when you awake

Oh, sad moment,  
You greet the awakening morning  
With tears and anxiety.

In the night, In the night,  
Happiness comes silently,  
And when you awake,  
Oh, blessed fate  
The gloomy dream has vanished,  
And joy triumphs.

In the night, in the night,  
Come joy and sorrow,  
And ere you have thought of it,  
And go to report to the Lord  
How you have endured them.

### Mausfallen Sprüchlein - Mouse-catching rhyme (Moericke)

Little guests, little house,  
Dear lady mouse or gentleman mouse  
Come in then, step lively.  
Tonight by moonlight.  
But make sure the door shuts well behind you.  
Do you hear? Do you hear?  
Moreover, mind your little tail!  
Do you hear? Mind your little tail!

After dinner we sing  
After dinner we spring  
And have a little dance!  
Come, come! Come, come!  
My old cat will probably dance too  
Do you hear? Do you hear? Do you hear?

Vergin, tutto amor - Virgin fount of love  
Dear Mother, though of mercy, whose heart was  
riven,  
O harken, Queen of Heaven, Harken to a sinners  
cry.

Let kind compassion move thee,  
In mercy hear her sad lamenting,  
Her mournful moan ascending  
Unto thy throne of grace on high,  
Thy throne of grace on high unto thy throne,

Oh mother thou of mercy  
Vergin fountain of love,  
Oh mother thou of mercy  
O Virgin fount of love.

### Oh mio babbino coro

Oh my beloved daddy  
I love him, yes, I love him,  
I'd like at Port a Rossa,  
to buy us a wedding ring'

Yes I really mean it.  
and if you still say No,  
I'll go to the Ponte Vecchio, (river)  
and throw myself below.

If I am not to marry him,  
Alas I can but die.  
(Daddy be kind I pray)  
(Daddy be kind I pray)

### Morgenständchen - Hark, Hark the Lark Shakespeare

Hark, Hark the lark at Heaven's gates sings,  
and Pheobus 'gins to rise  
His steeds to water at those springs.  
(On chalic'd flow'rs that lies)  
(On chalic'd flow'rs that lies)

And winking Mary buds begin to open their golden  
eyes

(With everything that pretty is  
My lady sweet, arise)  
With everything that pretty is  
My lady sweet, arise  
Arise, Arise, My Lady Sweet Arise  
Arise, Arise, My Lady Sweet Arise

### Wohin - Where to?

I heard a little brook babbling  
From its rocky source,  
Babbling down to the valley,  
So bright, so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me,  
Nor who prompted me;  
But I too had to go down  
With my wanderer's staff.



## Translations (continued)

Down and ever onwards,  
always, following the brook,  
As it babbled ever brighter  
And ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path?  
O brook, say where it leads.  
With your babbling  
You have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?  
That is no babbling,  
It is the water nymphs singing  
As they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend, let the brook babble,  
And follow it cheerfully.  
For mill-wheels turn  
In every clear brook.

**Clair de lune** (Paul Verlaine)  
Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Where charming masquerades and dancers are  
promenading,  
Playing the flute and dancing, and almost  
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises,  
While singing in the minor key  
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.  
They seem not to believe in their happiness,  
And their song blends with the moonlight,  
The quiet moonlight sad and lovely  
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming,  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy  
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

### Romance and Song

Recitative: My Aunt, poor soul, now gone to  
heaven,

Was long a-go half kill'd in fright,  
Just when the clock had struck eleven  
She heard a sound, and saw a sight,  
And eyes of fire came nigher and nigher,  
A monster low growling,  
Around her was prowling, with clanking of chains,  
She saw something glisten, She sat up to listen,  
How plaintively it groan'd!  
How mournfully it moaned,  
She cross'd herself, sigh'd,  
With all her might and main she cried.  
Oh Susanna, Margaret O Susanna come and help!  
And they came with a light, And,  
only think and (oh don't die of fright)

This—ghost in-cog, Was, oh horror!!  
Nero, the watchdog!

Nay, frown not so!  
That all thy sorrow I share, thou well dost know!  
But tears do not befit a bride!

(Witt thou sorrow, when the morrow,  
Is to crown thee with all joy?)  
(Witt thou sorrow, when the morrow,

Is to crown thee with all joy?)  
(Witt thou sorrow, when the morrow,  
Is to crown thee with all joy?)

Ever smiling and beguiling,  
Bringing gladness, chasing sadness,  
This is beauty's happy duty.  
(Bride be lov'd must banish all annoy)  
(Bride be lov'd must banish all annoy)

Cloister'd nun may languish,  
In her lonely anguish,  
Far from hope, or rosy joy.  
(Bridal flowers deck the bowers,  
Come where love its blisses showers)  
(Bridal flowers deck the bowers,  
Come where love its blisses showers)  
Mourn no longer, come, be gay, - repeated  
frequently